

Your Shield

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Your Shield

by [velnoni](#)

Summary

Gamagoori sees something he shouldn't and wishes to console Satsuki about it.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

I

Satsuki Kiryuuin, age 14 and a walking contradiction of a teenager. Slender and tall for her age with a raging beauty that transcends words. She was not ugly in appearance but more so in how she carried herself; wearing her pride on the crisp baby blue stripes of her white uniform. Far too serious for her age as well, but it somewhat suited her. The way her face was cold and only had two expressions ranging from stoic or disgust, never bearing a smile for anyone to see. Her thick brows always knitted either from irritation or stupidity or maybe both. A smile in the guise of a fine line. And sharp cerulean eyes that saw everything as she sits atop of her silver seat. Watching her precious Honnouji Academy she spent years building, aspiring, and becoming what it's meant to be: a weapon. A weapon to destroy her mother and to save humanity from clothing. To evoke revenge for the father she loved the most and the baby sister she wasn't given the chance to meet.

But of course for every sword the fighter holds they must wield a shield as well. And that would be none other than Gamagoori. A soon to be man whose pride knows no bounds unless his Lady were to cut his tether. A being that stood tall for his ideals, and one who bows to no one. His appearance was unique: tan skin with neatly blonde hair that rested at his shoulders, a white customized uniform that he wore proudly with all its decor, accompanied with his loud voice and cumbersome stature that always demanded utmost respect for him and his Lady. Yes, that was his upbringing through and through and even upon losing to Satsuki Kiryuuin his knees didn't touch the ground.

The cherry blossoms were in bloom that day. "Come with me, and become my shield." Her voice was far too mature to belong to such a young face.

Satsuki's words ring true in his mind everyday and every time he's greeted with her icy glare. Whenever he thinks about her it doesn't help that he becomes warm under his collar at the ignorant thought of her giving him the time of day. Or how sometimes when he's disciplining the lower students he tries to forge up the image of her smiling. The image never materializes however. Only her constant frown was visible in his memories— yet he wasn't upset about it. It was unbecoming of him to think of such things really, he wasn't a pubescent teen anymore. So just like his overbearing aura he suppressed the feelings deep into the abyss of his heart. He couldn't have them conflicting with his work. It was admiration he felt for his Lady. 'Yes', Gamagoori had thought to himself as he trekked down the crowded hallway of students running to their next class.

It doesn't go unnoticed. His chest expands as he inhales, the custom uniform stretching as his chest juts out, surprisingly not shredding to pieces as he belts out, "No running allowed! If I catch any of you breaking the rules there will be hell to pay!" He might've been a new face to the academy but he was the head of the Disciplinary Committee. His job was to inflict fear into the students and whip them up in shape. Said students were quick to cry out a "Yes sir! Sorry sir!" They scurry in different directions, forming a path leading to Satsuki's office; his primary objective. His pace quickened and with his large stature the space between him the office door comes to him. Knocking on the door he announces his presence, "Lady

Satsuki, I have the daily club reports to hand in,” he twists the doorknob which looked comically small in his fingers and opened it.

His eyes were reading the information on the reports as he continued talking. “...- apparently the Tennis Club is asking for a raise since the—,” he looks up from the report with neutral eyes which then widen at the scene before him. A beautiful woman no doubt, eyes sharp like Satsuki’s and whose overwhelming aura exuded competence, glamour, and more...

No doubt this had to be the Ragyo Kiryuuin he’s heard so much about. Her pale arm was wrapped around her daughter in a nonchalant manner, manicured nails sinking deep into the shoulder of Satsuki who looked extremely uncomfortable if anyone could tell. The elder rubs her daughter’s acromion in a circular motion and if Gamagoori wasn’t mistaking his Lady’s expression momentarily grew dark. Ragyo’s silver eyelashes flutter as she uses a free hand to take a sip of expensive champagne. Her eyes run over his large form, finally acknowledging Gamagoori’s presence. He resists the urge to shiver.

“Mmm. And whose this young man?” she asked. Ragyo’s voice was toxic but at the same time beguiling and expensive like the name brand she wore. It was like she was on a different level. She stood out much like her daughter but on a calculative measure. Satsuki responds coldly, her words coming out mused when her mother squeezes her lips together with her pointy nails. “A pawn to add to my collection, Mother. Now let go of me.” She slaps the hand away and stands from the velvet couch, pressing the creases out of her skirt with her back turned from Gamagoori.

The Elite was unable to see the voiceless conversation between the two but the tension grew thick in the air. Ragyo simply smiles and stretches a dainty arm for a refill. She bats her eyes to where Gamagori stood, his eyes pointed at the ceiling. Her smile darkens. By the time she leaves, giving Satsuki a hug which isn’t returned, the room is silent and Satsuki never once looked his way during the report.

II

The second time he had the luck of witnessing the Kiryuuins' "bonding session", happened a few months after the first incident occurred. During spring, where Honnouji Academy was finally flourishing and gaining more recognition. Particularly Satsuki's popularity had skyrocketed when schools around the country had learned the one behind the academy's prosperity was none other than a mere teenager. Satsuki along with the sewing committee and himself had been swamped with work with the influx of transferring and new coming students. It was hard work, yes, but Satsuki was patient and calculative with her needle. With her red thread, she sewed her masterpiece of a plan for years and nothing would stop her now. His Lady had even managed to recruit in two more elites, one which was a childhood friend of hers.

The two of them had just finished mandating the after school programs and were resting in the lounge. She'd brought up the question so suddenly that he was barely able to retort. "You like her, don't you?" *It's so obvious*, he could practically hear the unspoken words. It might have been disguised as a question but it was more of a statement. Nonon, was her name. Small and a complete snake in Gamagoori's opinion. A bit of a hot head but loyal to Satsuki which was all that mattered. To the idle teasing, Gamagoori's face turned a shade of red and he averted his eyes. "You mistake my feeling for Lady Satsuki. It is nothing more but admiration. I've no time for such matters." Nonon snorts which is followed by a high and obnoxious laugh. "Fat ass lie."

"A word of advice you big gorilla," she tucks a strand of pink hair behind her ear and reaches for the plate of cookies—"you'll get nowhere if you don't take the first step." Crumbs fall from her lips as she savors the treat. She points the cookie at Gamagoori. "Satsuki doesn't like cowards."

And Gamagoori himself was well aware of that. Satsuki had high standards and made it clear with her very existence. Failure was not an option. Yet he still found himself pondering during his free time what type of person she was behind the cold front she puts up. What type of person was she interested in? When he excused himself to make his final rounds around the school, Gamagoori was left alone with pink hair's words gnawing at his conscience as he scouted for any loitering students. It wasn't uncommon to see him doing this, some said he took his elite status a bit too seriously but he'd rather that than to be seen incompetent.

He makes his way up the first and second floors, all quiet save for the staff that stayed overtime. By the time he reached the final floor the thought of visiting his Lady had struck his mind. He could practically hear her unamused voice at the untimely visit, most likely asking why'd he disturb her when there was nothing to report. His heart sped up and he coughs aloud to free himself of the delusions. He would simply just wish her a goodnight.

Coward. His fist slightly clenches. The click of his shoes echo down the lonesome hallway, filling the empty space with nowhere to go. If anyone were to pass by, they wouldn't have noticed how the elite fiddled with the cuffs of his sleeves out of nervousness. Most would've mistaken the action as the result of him knocking a student out again. By the time

he reaches the door he goes to knock when he hears something he shouldn't have. The voices were mostly muffled but Gamagoori caught a few sentences.

"Now wouldn't you want to please your mother, my sweet daughter?" *What.*

"...yes" said another voice reluctantly. He could hear some shuffling of what he'd assume was clothes. He pressed an ear to the door, somewhere in his mind knowing that if he were to get caught eavesdropping he'd probably be expelled. His mind refused to face the truth of who was behind that door. It couldn't be her.

A soft whimper contradicts his statement and Gamagoori lowers his hand before turning around. His face was hidden by the shadows casted on him. No one would see him biting his lips so hard it drew blood. Anger, embarrassment, a multitude of emotion rush through him and he has half the mind to walk in and stop that hideous woman. *But that'll put Satsuki in a hard place*, said his voice of reason. "Absolutely unacceptable," his hissed under his breath as walked away. His mind was already planning how to address the situation.

III

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Satsuki sat on the edge of her in deep thought, eyes trained to the floor. It was the end of the day yet Satsuki couldn't say the same for the never ending pile of work on her desk. After the mishap of today she'd like nothing more but to curl up in the comforts her bed brought her on these particular days. To close her eyes and dream that her father and sister were alive. That her mother did not exist. That she could live a normal life. *'Can I even call that abomination my mother anymore?'* she feels nothing towards the woman but hatred and disgust. A pig in human clothes. It takes everything in her to obscure the bloodlust when Ragyo visits unannounced.

Save for the hum of the light, her room which was also in the school was eerily quiet. "... " Satsuki looked at the mirror hanging on her wall. She could see the white robe she wore from her recent shower and how her hair pooled around her face even in a messy bun. Surprisingly it gave her a more docile look. Her eyes went to the papers she still had to go over but she figured a mini break wouldn't hurt. Mitsuzo had been kind enough to leave a fresh batch of tea on the table adjacent to her. As she walks over and pours a cup for herself, her mind wanders about for the planned schedule. She had meetings with other principals to attend to about putting Life Fibers in the uniforms along with scouting out more members to be part of her Elite.

The teenager takes a seat and sipped on the bitter tea she's grown fond of. She held the cup with delicacy and stares into the murky brown liquid. "I wonder..." she says to no one. Who knew what she was thinking? She took a couple more sips of tea before her head snapped at a light knock at the door. The gaudy grandfather clock in the corner of the room read past 6pm. Who could be—

"Lady Satsuki. May I enter?" *Ah. She should've known.* The younger Kiryuuin takes a moment to consider, "You may enter Gamagoori." The golden door knob twists and the door opens. Gamagoori emerged forth, ducking his head through the frame and standing stiff and boardlike.

"Is there a reason for you to visit this late?"

"Not exactly My Lady. I simply wanted to see how you were doing before I departed." That earned him a raised brow. Gamagoori's Adam apple bobs as he swallows. She turned in his direction, leg crossed and radiating superiority without trying.

"Is that so?" She takes another sip of her tea. It was bitter.

"..."

"If you've nothing else to say then why waste my time with impudent excuses—"

“Because I’m worried Lady Satsuki.” To that Satsuki’s eyes him warily, expecting to elaborate. He does, “I feel as if I haven’t done my job properly as your shield. It’s my sworn duty to protect you from those that oppose you.” Yes this was nothing she wasn’t aware of so why was he showing doubt now?

“And with all due respect...,” he finally looks her in the eye, “that does include your private life as well.” For a moment Satsuki thought she burnt her tongue from the tea, stunned by the suddenness of his words. It wasn’t that Satsuki didn’t believe his words. Gamagoori was one she truly trusted without a doubt. She could always tell by the steeliness of his eyes. Pure devotion and admiration.

For once she shows someone else besides her butler an expression not of anger but confusion and worry. Her mind was wracking for any incidents for Gamagoori to assume such a thing and the lingering feeling of sharp manicured nails creeping up her neck makes her eyes widen by a fraction, a shudder running through her spine. She froze for a mere second and closed her eyes. She opens them and Gamagoori still stands in his place, face laced with worry.

“Did I cross a line?” Of course he did. Her lips pull into a frown and she sets the cooling tea on its plate, eyes running over the decor of the china set. Out of everyone she was thankful it was only Gamagoori. But it didn’t make sense for him to bring up the subject now since the incident—. She blinked and gave the man a curious look.

“You heard today’s activities.” A silence fell over them and Satsuki watched him jerk his head in affirmation. “Of course. It’s not like it wasn’t impossible to be caught” she was talking more to herself than him. This had to be the most expressive she’s been with him in the same room. He watches her rub her temple and she truly looked delicate and fragile in her moment of disarray.

A gentle breeze blew through the open window, and with a sigh, Satsuki picked up her now lukewarm tea and drank the rest of it. “When will I be free, Gamagoori?” She receives no response and didn’t really expect any.

“Are you afraid of her?”

She snaps at him and doesn’t bother to correct her attitude. “Do not mistake discomfort for fear. She’s merely an obstacle in my plans.” She bit her lips and shook her head. “That’s right, she’s merely an obstacle and I’ll walk all over her and stand as the superior Kiryuuin!” Gamagoori took a step forward. “Lady Satsuki you’re yelling.”

Her fist collided with the table which shook dangerously. “WELL OF COURSE I AM! I have to succeed in this life. No one but me can shoulder the burden of saving this planet. I have to cast my own desires aside and focus on everything else. I never asked for this!” She stood up, face scrunched up in anger and quickly turning a shade of pink. “Have you come to belittle me? Or maybe perhaps spread rumors about what goes on behind the doors of this school? Or perhaps you’re like all the other pigs and run away squealing when the truth is in front you.”

“Answer me Gamagoori!” Why was she feeling this way? Why was she acting so out of character? She never felt the desire to express her true feelings to anyone.

So why was Gamagoori kneeling to hug her? Why when she gave him excruciating orders did he do them without complaint? She doesn’t miss how he looks at her. There was more than admiration behind his eyes and the way he attended to her. She wasn’t stupid. Satsuki Kiryuuin’s far too grown for her age as a matter of a fact. And if she was more mature than she looked then why was she wrapping her hands around his wide chest, why were the tears threatening to fall?

Her body felt tired and her heart cried when she finally gave in to the feelings she’d been repressing for years. The loneliness and the discomfort of never truly knowing her future. Being intrusted to keep a secret she could tell no one. Being unable to trust anybody...all of her sorrows poured out in the confine of her room. The only sound audible was her broken sobs and the heavy thumping of Gamagoori’s heart.

Satsuki hair had long dropped out of its bun, now scattered and obscuring her face. If Gamagoori had to joke he’d say she looked like the creature from the Japanese folklore but it wasn’t time for jokes. Gamagoori himself said nothing and figured that was for the best. It was a dream come true to be this close to Satsuki, for her to even drop her shield around him.

The crying slows down a bit and he feels small hands pressing against his chest. He looks down to see Satsuki pushing away and rubbing her eyes.

“...my apologizes—”

“No need to apologize, My Lady. Everyone has their days.” She can hear the deep octave of his voice much better due to how close they were and it would shame her to confess it was comforting. “However,” he sets her on his lap and pushes her hair back. He doesn’t complain about how sticky it feels or how her appearance was not the best at the moment. “I’d be lying if I said I didn’t care about your well-being outside of the academy. Please depend on me more. I am your shield. If you ever feel the need to confide in someone, I hope I’m your first option.” He stares at her not with judging eyes but genuine worry for her wellbeing. It was something Satsuki wasn’t sure she’d ever get used to. Not to mention that the sly confession didn’t go unheard.

There were a lot of things to talk about tomorrow morning no doubt. But Satsuki’s head ached from all the crying and it was the one time she simply didn’t want to think about the next day, to merely live in the present. She feels a warm hand running over the top of head, gently stroking with perfect formation. *‘Yes...that does sound like Gamagoori’* she thinks fondly.

“Promise to be my shield and to always be by my side.” Her voice held no authority. Just a girl asking someone to be there for her. And for the first time all day Gamagoori smiles.

“Of course Satsuki.”

Chapter End Notes

this one hurt a lil

End Notes

this was a difficult one to write but thank you to the commissioner for being so patient!
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